NO. XXIX.

PRICE 1s.

TOM BURKE

OF "OURS."

No. 16.

EDITED BY

HARRY LORREQUER

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIZ

WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND CO., SACKVILLE-STREET, DUBLIN.

W. S. ORR AND COMPANY, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

TO PIRATES IN THE BRITISH COLONIES.

MESSRS. CURRY AND CO.,

Having learned that MR. LEVER'S WORKS *are printed by various Booksellers and Newspaper Proprietors in the British Colonies, without permission, hereby give notice that it is their determination to proceed at law against all persons infringing their Copyrights.*

Dublin, 1st July, 1843.

IMPORTANT WORKS

IN THE PRESS OR LATELY PUBLISHED BY

WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY,

DUBLIN.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

THE IRISH QUESTION CONSIDERED IN ITS INTEGRITY. By VISCOUNT WELLESLEY. 8vo, 6s. cloth.

O'SULLIVAN THE BANDIT CHIEF: A LEGEND OF KILLARNEY. IN SIX CANTOS. By VISCOUNT MASSAREENE and FERRARD. 8vo, 5s. cloth.

A HANDBOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN IRELAND. By JAMES FRASER. Third Thousand, carefully revised and corrected. Crown 8vo, 12s. cl.

An Edition may be had with 16 additional Road Maps, 16s. cloth.

OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF IRELAND, from the Earliest Times to the Union in 1800. Intended for the Use of Schools and Families. Small 8vo, with Illustrations, 3s. 6d. bound.

AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON MECHANICS. By ANDREW SEARLE HART, LL.D. Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. 8vo, 6s. 6d.

LECTURES ON POLITICAL ECONOMY. By MOUNTIFORT LONGFIELD, LL.D. Late Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin, &c. 8vo, 6s.

FOUR LECTURES ON POOR LAWS. By MOUNTIFORT LONGFIELD, LL.D. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

THREE LECTURES ON COMMERCE, AND ONE ON ABSENTEEISM. By MOUNTIFORT LONGFIELD, LL.D. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

FLORA HIBERNICA. By JAMES TOWNSEND MACKAY, M.R.I.A. 8vo, 16s. cloth.

HISTORY OF THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, KILMAINHAM, from the Original Foundation in 1174 to the Present Time. With Copious Notes and an Appendix. By the Rev. NATHANAEL BURTON, LL.D., Assistant Reader to the Royal Hospital. With Plates, 8vo, 10s.

Louis XV and De Gency.

A slight mistake.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE "MOISSON D'OR."

When I arrived at the rendezvous, I found Duchesne already awaiting me with a carriage, into which we stepped and drove rapidly away.

"A man of your word, Burke; and what is scarcely less valuable in the times we live in, a man of prudence too."

"As how the latter, may I ask?"

"You have not come in uniform, which is all the better, where we are going; besides it gives me the hope of presenting you to my respected aunt, the Duchesse de Montserrat, who will take your black coat as a compliment to the whole Bourbon dynasty. You must come with me there, if it only be for half an hour. And now tell me, have you ever dined at the 'Moisson d'Or?'"

"Never, not even heard of the house."

"Well, then, you shall to-day; and meanwhile I may tell you, that although in a remote and little-visited quarter of Paris, it stands unrivalled for the excellence of its fare, and the rare delicacy of its wines—a reputation not of yesterday, but of some years' standing. Nor is that the only thing remarkable about it, as I shall explain hereafter. But come, how are your friends at the Hotel Clichy? and how fares your suit with Mademoiselle?"

"My suit! it never was such. You know to the full as well as I do, my pretensions aspired not half so high."

"So much the better, and so much the worse. I mean the former for me, as I hate to have a friend for a rival; the latter for you, who ought to have learned by this time that a handsome girl and a million of francs, are more easily won than a cross of the legion, or a colonel's epaulette."

"And are you serious, Duchesne? Have you really intentions in that quarter?"

"*Morbleu!* to be sure I have. It is for that I am here in Paris in the dog days—travelled one hundred and twenty leagues—ay, and more, too, have brought with me my most aristocratic aunt, who never remembers in her life to have seen full-grown leaves in the Tuileries gardens. I knew what an ally she would be in the negociation, and so I managed, through some friends in the bureau of the minister, to give her a rare fright about an estate of hers, which by some accident escaped confiscation in the revolution, and which nothing but the greatest efforts on her part could now rescue from the fangs of the crown. You may be sure she is not particularly in love with the present government on this score; but the trick secures her speaking more

guardedly than she has the habit of doing, besides inducing her to make acquaintances nothing but such a threat would accomplish."

"You intend, then, she should know Madame de Lacostellerie?"

"Of course. I have already persuaded her that the Hotel Clichy is the pivot of all Paris, and that nothing but consummate tact and management on her part will succeed there."

"But I scarcely thought you cared for Mademoiselle, and never dreamed of your proposing to marry her."

"Nor I, till about a week ago. However, my plans require money, and would not be encumbered by my having a wife. I see nothing better at the moment, and so my mind is soon made up. But here we are, this is our resting-place."

The "Moisson d'Or," although not known to me, was then the most celebrated place for dining in Paris. The habits of the house, for there was no "table d'hôte," required that every thing should be ordered before hand, and the parties all dined separately. The expensive habits and extravagant prices secured its frequenters from meeting the class who usually dine at restaurants; and this gave it a vogue among the wealthy and titled, whose equipages now thronged the street, and filled the "porte cochère." I had but time to recognize the face of one of the marshals and a minister of state, as we pushed our way through the court, and entered a small pavilion beyond it.

"I'll join you in an instant," said Duchesne, as he left the room hastily after the waiter. In a couple of minutes he was back again. "Come along, it's all right," said he. "I wish to show you a corner of the old house, that only the privileged ever see, and we are fortunate in finding it unoccupied."

We recrossed the court, and mounted a large oak stair to a corridor, which conducted us, by three sides of a quadrangle, to a smaller stair, nearly perpendicular. At the top of this, a strong door, barred and padlocked, stood, which being opened, led into a large and lofty salon, opening by three spacious windows on a terrace, that formed the roof of the building. Some citron and orange trees were disposed tastefully along this, and filled the room with their fragrance.

"Here, Antoine, let us be served here," said Duchesne to the waiter; "I have already given orders about the dinner. And now, Burke, come out here. What think you of that view?"

Scarcely had I set foot on the terrace, when I started back in mingled admiration and amazement. Beneath us lay the great city, in the mellow light of an evening in September. Close, so close, as actually to startle, was the large dome of the "Invalides," shining like a ball of molten gold; the great court-yard in front, dotted with figures; beyond, again, was the Seine, the surface flashing and flickering in the sunlight. I traced it along to the Pont Neuf, and then my eye rested on Notre Dame, whose tall, dark towers stood out against the pinkish sky, while the deep-toned bell boomed through the still air. I turned towards the Tuileries, and could see the guard of honour in waiting for the emperor's appearing. In the gardens, hundreds were passing and repassing, or standing around the band, which played in front of

the pavilion. A tide of population poured across the bridges and down the streets, along which equipages and horsemen dashed impetuously onward. There was all the life and stir of a mighty city; its sounds dulled by distance, but blended into one hoarse din, like the far-off sea at night.

"You don't know, Burke, that this was a favourite resort of the courtiers of the last reign. The gay young 'garde du corps,' the gallant youths of the royal household, constantly dined here. This terrace we now stand on, once held a party, who came at the invitation of no less a personage than him whom men call Louis XVIII. It was a freak of the time, to pronounce the court dinners execrable; and they even go so far as to say, that Marie Antoinette herself once planned a party here—but this I cannot vouch for."

At this moment, Duchesne was interrupted by the entrance of the waiters, who came to serve the dinner. I had not a moment left me to admire the beauty and richness of the antique silver dishes which covered the table, when a gentle tap at the door attracted my attention.

"Ha! Jacotot himself!" said Duchesne, as rising hastily he advanced to meet the new arrival. He was a tall, thin old man, much stooped by years, but with an air and carriage distinctly well-bred; his white hair, brushed rigidly back, fastened into a queue behind, and his lace "jabot" and ruffles, bespoke him as the remnant of a date long past. His coat was of blue, a shade somewhat lighter than is usually worn. He wore also large buckles in his shoes, whose brilliancy left no doubt of their real value. Bowing with great ceremony, he advanced slowly into the room.

"You are come to dine with us—is it not so, Jacotot?" said Duchesne, as he still held his hand.

"Excuse me, my dear chevalier—the Count de Chambord and Edouard de Courcelles are below—I have promised to join them——"

"And is Courcelles here?"

"Yes," said the old man, with a timid glance towards where I sat, and a look as if imploring caution and reserve.

"Oh, fear nothing—and that reminds me, I have not presented my friend and brother-officer—Captain Burke, Monsieur Jacotot. You may feel assured, Jacotot, I make no mistake in the friends I introduce here."

The old man gave a smile of pleasure, while turning to me he said—

"He is discretion itself; and I am but too happy to make your acquaintance. And now, chevalier, one word with you."

He retreated towards the door, holding Duchesne's arm, and whispering as he went. Duchesne's face, however, expressed his impatience as he spoke, and at last he said—

"As you please, my worthy friend; I always submit to your wiser counsels—so farewell for the present."

He looked after the old man as he slowly descended the stairs, and then closing the door, and locking it, he exclaimed—

"*Parbleu!* I found it very hard to listen to his prosing with even a

show of patience; and was half tempted to tell him, that the Bourbons could wait, though the soup could not."

"Then, Monsieur Jacotot is a royalist, I presume?"

"Ay, that he is, and so are all they who frequent this house. Don't start—the police know it well, and no one is more amused at their absurd plottings and conspirings than Fouché himself. Now and then, to be sure, some fool, more rash and brainless than the others, will come up from La Vendée, and try to knock his head against the walls of the Temple, like De Courcelles there, who has no other business in Paris, except to be guillotined if it were worth the trouble. Then, the minister affects to stir himself and be on the alert, just to terrify them; but he well knows that danger lurks not in this quarter. Believe me, Burke, the present rulers of France have no greater security than in the contemptible character of all their opponents. There is no course for a man of energy and courage to adopt——But I ask your pardon, my dear friend, for this treasonable talk. What think you of the dinner—the royalists would never have fallen if they had understood government as well as 'cuisine.' Taste that '*supreme*,' and say if you don't regret the Capéts; a feeling you can indulge the more freely because you never knew them."

"I cannot comprehend, Duchesne, what are the grievances you charge against the present government of France. Had you been an old courtier of the last reign—a hanger-on of Versailles or the Tuileries—the thing is intelligible; but you, a soldier, a man of daring and enterprize——"

"Let me interrupt you. I am so, only because it is the taste of the day; but I despise the parade of military glory we have got into the habit of. I prefer the period when a 'mot' did as much and more than a discharge of 'mitraille,' and men's 'esprit' and talent succeeded better than a strong sword-arm or a seat on horseback. There were gentlemen in France once, my dear Burke—ay, *parbleu*, and ladies too. Not marchionesses of the drum-head, nor countesses of the bivouac; but women in whom birth heightened beauty—whose loveliness had the added charm of high descent, beaming from their bright eyes, and sitting throned on their lofty brows—before whom our moustached marshals had stood trembling and ashamed—these men who lounge so much at ease in the salons of the Tuileries! Let me help you to this *salmi*, it is *en Louis quinze*, and worthy of the regency itself. Well, then, a glass of burgundy."

"Your friend, Monsieur Jacotot, seems somewhat of an original," said I, half desirous to change a topic which I always felt an unpleasant one.

"You are not wrong—he is so. Jacotot is a thorough Frenchman; at least, he has had the fortune to mix up in his destiny those extremes of elevated sentiment and absurdity, which go very far to compose the life of my good countrymen. I must tell you a short anecdote; but shall we adjourn to the terrace, for to prevent the interruption of servants I have ordered our dessert there?"

This was a most agreeable proposal; and so, having seated ourselves

in a little arbour of orange shrubs, with the view of the river and the Palace gardens beneath us, Duchesne thus began :—

"I am going somewhat far back in history, but have no fears on that head, Burke, my story is a very brief one. There was once upon a time in France, a monarch of some repute, called Louis the Fourteenth ; a man, if fame be not unjust, who possessed the most kingly qualities of which we have any record in books. He was brave, munificent, high-minded, ardent, selfish, cruel, and ungrateful, beyond any other man in his own dominions ; and like people with such gifts, he had the good fortune to attach men to him just as firmly and devotedly, as though he was not in his heart devoid of every principle of friendship and affection. I need not tell you what the ladies of his reign thought of him—my present business is with the ruder sex. Among the courtiers of the day was a certain Vicomte Arnoud de Gençy ; a young man who, at the age of eighteen, won his grade of colonel at the siege of Besançon, by an act of coolness and courage worth recording. He deliberately advanced into one of the breaches, and made a sketch of the interior works of the fortification, while the enemy's shot was tearing up the ground around him. When the deed was reported to the king, he interrupted the relation, saying—

"'Don't tell me who did this, for I have made De Gençy a colonel for it.' So rapidly did Louis guess the author of so daring a feat.

"From that hour, the young colonel's fortune was made. He was appointed one of the gentlemen of the chamber to his majesty, and distinguished by almost daily marks of royal intimacy. His qualities eminently fitted him for the tone of the society he lived in—he was a most witty converser, a good musician, and had, moreover, a very handsome person ; gifts not undervalued at 'Saint Germain.'

"Such were his social qualities ; and so thoroughly did he understand the king's humour, that even La Valliere herself saw the necessity of retaining him at the court, and in fact, made a confidant of him on several occasions of difficulty. Still, with all these favours of fortune—when the object of envy to almost all the rest of the household—Arnoud de Gençy was suffering in his heart one of the most trying afflictions that can befall a proud man so placed: he was in actual poverty—in want so pressing, that all the efforts he could make, all the contrivances he could practise, were barely sufficient to prevent his misery being public. The taste for splendour in dress and equipage which characterized the period, had injured greatly his private fortune; while the habit of high play, which Louis encouraged and liked to see about him, completed his ruin. The salary of his appointments was merely enough to maintain his daily expenditure ; and thus was he, with a breaking heart, obliged not only to mix in all the reckless gaiety and frivolity of that voluptuous court, but still more, tax his talents and his energies for new themes of pleasure—fresh sources of amusement.

"Worn out at length by the long struggle between his secret sorrow and his pride, he resolved to appeal to the king, and, in a few words, tell his majesty the straits to which he was reduced, and implore his protection. To this he was impelled not solely on his own account, but

on that also of his only child, a boy of eight or nine years old, whose mother died in giving him birth.

"An occasion soon presented itself. The king had given orders for a hunting party at St. Cloud; and, at an early hour of the morning, De Gençy, in his hunting dress, took up his position in one of the antechambers through which the king must pass—not alone, however—at his side there stood a lovely boy, also dressed in the costume of the chase. He wore a velvet doublet of green, slashed with gold, and ornamented by a broad belt, from which hung his *couteau de chasse;* even to the falcon feather in his cap, nothing was forgotten.

"He had not waited long when the folding-doors were thrown wide, and a moment after Louis appeared, accompanied by a single attendant, the Marquis de Verneuil, unhappily one of the very few enemies Arnoud possessed in the world.

"'Ah, De Gençy—you here?' said the king gaily. 'They told me "Brelan" had been unfavourable lately, and that we should not see you.'

"'It is true, sire,' said he, with a sad effort at a smile; 'it is only on your majesty fortune always smiles.'

"'*Pardie!* you must not say so; I lost a rouleau last night. But whom have we here?'

"'My son, so please you, sire, my only son, who desires, at an earlier age than even his father did, to serve your majesty.'

"'How like his mother,' said the king, pushing back the fair ringlets from the boy's forehead, and gazing almost fondly on his handsome features—'how like her—she was a Courcelles.'

"'She was, sire,' said Arnoud, as the tears fell on his cheek-bone, and coursed slowly along his face.

"'And you want something for him,' said the king, resuming his wonted tone, while he busied himself with his sword-knot—'Is it not so?'

"'If I might dare to ask——'

"'Assuredly you may. The thing is, what can we do? Eh, Verneuil what say you? He is but an infant.'

"'True, sire,' replied the marquis, with a look of respect, in which the most subtle could not discover a trait of his sarcastic nature; 'but there is a place vacant.'

"'Ah, indeed,' said the king quickly. 'What is it?—he shall have it.'

"'Monsieur Jacotot, your majesty's head cook, stands in need of a turnspit,' said he in a low whisper, only audible to the king.

"'A turnspit!' said the king; and scarcely was the word uttered when, as if the irony was his own, he burst into a most immoderate fit of laughter, an emotion that seemed to increase as he endeavoured to repress it, when at the instant the *cor de chasse*, then heard without, gave a new turn to his thoughts; and he hurried forward with De Verneuil, leaving De Gençy and his son rooted to the spot—indignant passion in that heart which despair and sorrow had almost rendered callous.

"His majesty was still laughing as he mounted his barb in the court-yard; and the courtiers, like well-bred gentlemen, laughed as became them, with that low, quiet laugh which is the meet chorus of a sovereign's mirth, when suddenly two loud reports, so rapidly following on each other as almost to seem one, startled the glittering cortège, and even made the Arab courser of the king plunge madly in the air.

"'*Par St. Denis!* messieurs,' said Louis passionately, 'this pleasantry of yours is ill thought of. Who has dared to do this?'

"But none spoke. A terrified look around the circle was the only reply to the king's question, when a page rushed forward, his dress spotted and blood-stained, his face pale with horror—

"'Your majesty—ah, sire!' said he kneeling—but sobs choked him, and he could not utter more.

"'What is this?—will no one tell?' cried the king, as a frown of dark omen shadowed his angry features.

"'Your majesty has lost a brave, an honest, and a faithful follower, sire,' said Monsieur de Coulanges. 'Arnoud de Gençy is no more.'

"'Why, I saw him this instant,' said the king. 'He asked me some favour for his boy.'

"'True, sire,' replied De Coulanges mournfully; but he checked himself in time: for already the well-known and dreaded expression of passion had mounted to the king's face.

"'Dismiss the "chasse," gentlemen,' said he in a low, thick voice; 'and do you, Monsieur de Verneuil, attend me.'

"The cortège was soon scattered; and the Marquis de Verneuil followed the king, with an expression where fear and dread were not to be mistaken.

"Monsieur de Verneuil did indeed seem an altered man when he appeared among his friends that evening. Whatever the king had said to him assuredly had worked its due effect; for all his raillery was gone; and even the veriest trifler of the party might have dared an encounter with wits, which then were subdued and broken. Next morning, however, the sun shone out brilliantly. The king was in high spirits, the game abounded; and his majesty with his own hand brought down eight pheasants. The Marquis de Verneuil could hit nothing: for, although the best marksman of the day, his hand shook, and his sight failed him; and the king won fifty louis from him before they reached Saint Germain.

"Never was there a happier day, nor followed by a pleasanter evening. The king supped in Madame de la Valliere's apartment; the private band played the most delicious airs during the repast; and when at length the party retired to rest, not one bright dream was clouded by the memory of Arnoud de Gençy.

"Here, now, were I merely recounting an anecdote, I should stop," said the chevalier, "but must continue a little longer, though all the romance of my story is over. The Marquis de Verneuil was a good hater; even poor De Gençy's fate did not move him; and he actually did do what he had only threatened in mockery—he sent the orphan child to be a turnspit in the royal kitchen. Of course he changed his

name. The title of an old and honoured family would soon have betrayed the foul deed; and the boy was called Jacotot, after the *chef* himself. The king inquired no further on the subject. Arnoud's name recalled too unpleasant a topic for the lips of a courtier ever to mention; and the whole circumstance was soon entirely forgotten.

"This same Jacotot was the grandfather of my old friend, whom you saw a few minutes since. Fate, that seems to jest with men's destinies, made them as successful at the fire of the kitchen as ever their ancestors were at that of a battery; and Monsieur Jacotot, our present host, has not his equal in Paris. Here for years the younger members of the royal family used to sup. This room was their favourite apartment; and one evening when, at a later sitting than usual, the ruler of the feast was carried beyond himself in his praise of an admirable plat, he sent for Jacotot, and told him whatever favour he should ask he himself would seek for him at the hands of the king.

"This was the long-wished-for moment of the poor fellow's life. He drew from his bosom the title-deeds of his ancient name and fortune, and placed them in the prince's hand without uttering a word.

"'What! and are you a De Gençy?' said the prince.

"'Alas! I shame to say it, I am.'

"'Come, gentlemen,' said the gay young prince, 'a bumper to our worthy friend, whom, with God's blessing, I shall see restored right soon to his fitting rank and station. Yes, De Gençy, my word upon it, the next evening I sup here I shall bring with me his majesty's own signature to these title-deeds. Make place, gentlemen, and let him sit down.'

"But poor Jacotot was too much excited by his feelings of joy and gratitude, and he rushed from the room in a torrent of tears.

"The evening the prince spoke of never came. Soon after that commenced the troubles of the royal family—the dreadful events of Versailles—the flight to Varennes—the 10th of August—a horrible catalogue I cannot bear to trace. There, yonder, where now the groups are loitering, or sitting around in happy knots—there died Louis XVI. The prince I spoke of is an exile. They call him Louis XVIII.; but he is a king without a kingdom.

"But Jacotot lives on in hope; he has waded through all the terrors of the Revolution; he has seen the guillotine erected almost before his door, and beheld his former friends led one by one to the slaughter. Twice was he himself led forth, and twice was his life spared by some admirer of his 'cuisine.' But, perhaps, all his trials were inferior to the heart-burning with which he saw the places once occupied by the blood of St. Louis, now occupied by the 'canaille' of the Revolution. Marat and Robespierre frequented his house; and Barras seldom passed a week without dining there. This, I verily believe, was a heavier affliction than any of his personal sufferings; and I have often heard him recount with no feigned horror the scenes which took place among the 'incroyables,' as they called themselves, whose orgies he contrasted so unfavourably with the more polished excesses of his regal visitors. Through all the anarchy of that fearful

period—through the scarce less sanguinary time of the Directory—through the long dreary oppression of the Consulate—and now, in the more grinding tyranny of the Empire, he hopes, ay, still hopes on, that the day will come when, from the hands of the king himself, he shall receive his long-buried rank, and stand forth a De Gençy. Poor fellow, there is something noble and manly in the long struggle with fortune—in that long-sustained contest, in which he would never admit defeat.

"Such are the followers of the Bourbons. Their best traits, their highest daring, their most long-suffering endurance, only elicited in the pursuit of some paltry object of personal ambition. They have tasted the cup of adversity, ay, drained it to the very dregs—they have seen carnage and bloodshed such as no war ever surpassed; and all they have learned by experience is, to wish for the long-past days of royal tyranny and frivolity back again—to see a glittering swarm of debauchees fluttering around a sensualist king, and to watch the famished faces of the multitude without a thought that the tiger is only waiting for his spring. As to a thought of true liberty, one single high or noble aspiration after freedom, they never dreamed of it. You see, my friend, I have no desire to win you over to the Bourbon cause. Neither, if I could, would I make you a Jacobin. But how is this—can it really be so late? Come, we have no time to lose—it is not accounted good-breeding to be late in a visit at the 'Faubourg.'"

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE TWO SOIREES.

Duchesne's story had unfortunately driven all memory of Bubbleton out of my head; and it was only as we entered the street where the Duchesse de Montserrat lived, that I remembered my friend, and thought of asking the Chevalier's advice about him.

In a few words I explained so much of his character and situation as were necessary, and was going on to express my fears lest a temperament so unstable and uncertain should involve its possessor in much trouble, when Duchesne interrupted me by saying:—

"Be of courage on that head; your friend, if the man you describe him, is the very person to baffle the police. They can see to any depth, if the water be only clear. Muddy it, and it matters little how shallow it be. This Bubbleton might be of the greatest service just now. You must present me to him, Burke."

"Most willingly. But first promise that you will not involve my

poor friend in the snares of any plot. Heaven knows, his own faculties are quite sufficient for his mystification."

"Plot! snares! Why, what are you thinking of? But come, this is our halting-place; and here we are, without my even having a moment to give you any account of my good aunt."

As he spoke he turned the handle of a large door, which led into a gloomy *porte cochere*, dimly illuminated by a single old-fashioned lantern. A fat unwieldy-looking porter peeped at us from his den in the conciergerie, and then, having announced our approach by ringing a bell, he closed the shutter, and left us to find the way ourselves.

Ascending the great spacious stair, the wall alongside which was covered with family portraits—grim-looking heroes in mail, or prim dames, with bouquets in their jewelled hands—we reached a species of gallery, from which several doors led off; here a servant, dressed in deep black, was standing to announce the visitors.

As the servant preceded us along the corridor, I could not help feeling the contrast of this gloomy mansion, where every footstep had its own sad echo, with the gorgeous splendour of the Hotel de Clichy. Here, all was dark, cold, and dreary;—there, every thing was lightsome, cheerful, and elegant. What an emblem, to my thinking, were they both of the dynasties they represented. But the reflection was only made as one half the folding-door was thrown open—the double door was the prerogative of the blood-royal—and we were announced.

The apartment—a large sombre-looking one—was empty, however, and we traversed this, and a second similar to it, our names being repeated as before, when, at length, the low tones of voices indicated our approach to the salon where the visitors were assembled.

Dimly lighted by a few lamps, far apart from each other, the apartment, as we entered, seemed even larger than it really was. At one end, and around a huge antique fire-place, sat a group of ladies, whom, in a glance, I recognized as of the class so distinctively called dowager. They were seated in deep-cushioned fauteuils, and were mostly employed in some embroidery work, which they laid down each time they spoke, and resumed, less to prosecute the labour, than as it were from mere habit.

With all the insinuating gracefulness of a well-bred Frenchman, Duchesne approached the seat next the chimney and respectfully kissed the hand extended towards him.

"Permit me, my dear aunt, to present a very intimate friend—Captain Burke," said he, as he led me forward.

At the mention of the word Captain, I could perceive that every hand dropped its embroidery-frame, while the group stared at me with no feigned astonishment. But already the Duchess had vouchsafed a very polite speech, and motioned me to a seat beside her, while the Chevalier insinuated himself among the rest, evidently bent on relieving the stiff and constrained reserve which pervaded the party. Not even his tact and worldly cleverness was equal to the task. The conversation, if such it could be called, was conducted almost in monosyllables; some stray question for an absent "Marquise," or a mut-

tered reply concerning a late Countess, was the burthen—not an allusion even being made to any topic of the day, nor any phrase dropped which could show that the speakers were aware of the year, or the nation, in which they lived and breathed.

It was an inexpressible relief to me when, gradually, some three or four other persons dropped in, some of them men, who, by their manner, seemed favourites of the party; and soon after, the entrance of the servant with refreshments permitted a movement in the group, by which I took the opportunity to stand up and approach Duchesne, as he bent over a table, listlessly turning over the leaves of a volume.

"Just think of the contradictions of human nature, Burke," said he in a low whisper. "These are the receptions, for which the new noblesse would give half their wealth—these melancholy visits of worn-out acquaintances—these sapless twigs of humanity are the envy of such houses as the 'Hotel Clichy;' and to be admitted to these gloomy, moth-eaten salons, is a greater honour than an invitation to the Tuileries. So long as this exists, depend upon it, there is rottenness in the core of society. But come, let us take our leave; I see you are well wearied of all this; and now for an hour at Madame de Lacostellerie's—'en revanche.'"

As we came forward to make our adieux to the Duchess, she rose from her seat, and in so doing her sleeve brushed against a small marble statue of Louis XVI. which, had I not opportunely caught, would have fallen to the ground.

"Thank you, sir," said she graciously. "You have prevented what I should have deemed a sad accident."

"Nay, more, aunt," said Duchesne, smiling; "he has shown his readiness to restore the Bourbon."

This speech, evidently spoken in jest, was repeated from lip to lip in the circle; and certainly I never felt my awkwardness more oppressive than when bowing to the party, whose elated looks and pleased countenances now were turned towards me.

"My poor bashful friend," said Duchesne, as we descended the stair, "get rid of the habit of blushing with all convenient despatch; it has marred more fortunes than pharo or bouillotte."

"This, assuredly, is well done," said the Chevalier, as he looked around him, while we slowly ascended the stairs of the Hotel Clichy. The brilliant light, almost rivalling day, the servants in gorgeous liveries—the air of wealth around on every side—so different from the sad-coloured mansion of the Faubourg—while, as the opening doors permitted it to be heard, the sound of delicious music came wafted to the ear.

"I say, Burke," said he, stopping suddenly, and laying his hand on my arm, "this might content a man who has seen as much as I have; and the game is well worth the playing—so here goes!"

The first person I saw as we entered the ante-chamber was Bubbleton. He was the centre of a knot of foreigners, who, whatever the topic, seemed highly amused at his discourse.

"That is your friend, yonder," said Duchesne. "He has the true type of 'John Bull' about him. Introduce me at once."

Duchesne scarcely permitted me to finish the introduction, when he extended his hand and saluted Bubbleton with great cordiality, while the "General" did not suffer the ceremony to interrupt the flow of his eloquence, but continued to explain, in the most minute and circumstantial manner, the conditions of the new peace, secretly concluded between France and England. The incredulity of the listeners was, I could perceive, considerably lessened by observing the deferential attention with which Duchesne listened, only interrupting the speaker by an occasional assent, or some passing question as to the political relations of some of the great powers.

"As for Prussia," said Bubbleton, pompously, "as to Prussia"——

"Well, what of Prussia, General?"

"We have our doubts on that subject," replied he, looking thoughtfully around him on the group, who, completely deceived by Duchesne's manner, now paid him marked attention.

"You'll not deprive her of Genoa, I trust," said the Chevalier, with a gravity almost inconceivable.

"That is done already," said Bubbleton. "For my own part, I told Lauderdale we were nothing without the Bosphorus—'the key of our house,' as your Emperor called it."

"He spoke of Russia, if I don't err," said Duchesne, with an insinuating air of correction.

"Pardon me, you are wrong. I know Russia well. I travelled through the steppes of Metchezaromizce, with Prince Drudeszitsch. We journeyed three hundred versts over his own estates, drawn on sledges by his serfs. You are aware they are always harnessed by the beard, which they wear long and plaited on purpose."

"That is towards the Crimea," interrupted the Chevalier.

"Precisely.—I remember a curious incident which occurred one night as we approached 'Chitepsk'—you know Chitepsk, it is where they confine the state prisoners—a miserable dreary tract, where the snow never melts, and the frost is so intense you often see a drove of wolves glued fast to the snow, by the feet, and howling fearfully—a strange sight, to be sure. Well, the night was falling, and a thin cutting snow-drift beginning to drop, when Dru,—I always call him so —short—said he to me:—

"'Bub,'—he did the same to me—'Bub,' said he, 'do you remark that off-side leader?'

"'I see him,' said I.

"'Well, I have been watching the fellow since the last stage, and confound me if he has ever tightened a trace; and you see he is a right active one, notwithstanding. He capers along gaily enough. I'll touch him up a bit;' and with that he gave a flourish of his knouted whip, and came down on him with a smarting cut. Lord, how he jumped—five feet off the ground in one spring—and, hang me, if he

didn't tear off his beard—there it was, hanging to the pole—a very shocking sight, I must confess, though Dru didn't seem to mind it. However, we were obliged to pull up and get out the team. Well, you would not believe what we saw when we got down. You'd never guess who was the off leader—it was the Princess Odoznovskoi. Poor thing! the last time I saw her, before that, she was dancing in the Amber Palace, with Prince Alexander. She and her husband had been banished to Chitepsk, and, as he was ill, she had put on a false beard, and was taking a short stage in his place."

I did not venture to wait for more, but leaving Duchesne to make the most of the General, passed onwards towards the salon, which already was rapidly filling with visitors.

The Countess received me with more than wonted kindness of manner, and Mademoiselle assumed a tone of actual cordiality I had never perceived before, while, as she exchanged greetings with me, she said in a low voice :—

"Let me speak with you, in the picture-gallery, in half an hour."

Before I could utter my assent she had passed on, and was speaking to another.

Somewhat curious to conceive what Mademoiselle de Lacostellerie might mean by her appointment in the gallery, I avoided the groups where I perceived my acquaintances were, and strolled negligently on towards the place of meeting. The gallery was but half lighted, as was customary on mere nights of visiting, and I found it quite deserted. I was sauntering slowly along, musing on the strange effects of the half-seen pictures, where all, save the most forcible and striking tints, were sombred down to blackness, when I heard a step behind me. I turned my head, and saw Mademoiselle herself. She was alone, and though she evidently had seen me, continued to walk onward, without speaking, towards a small boudoir, which occupied one angle of the gallery. I followed, and we entered it together.

There was something in the secret interview, which, while it excited my curiosity, served at once to convince me that had I indulged in any hope of succeeding to her affections, nothing could be less promising—this very proof of her confidence was the strongest earnest of her indifference. But, indeed, I had never indulged such an expectation. My pride might have been flattered by such a supposition—my heart could never have sympathized in the emotion.

"We are alone here," said she hurriedly, "and we may be missed, so let me be brief. It will seem strange that I should ask you to meet me here, but I could not help it. You, alone, of all who frequent this have never paid me the least attention, nor seemed disposed to flatter me. This leads me to trust you. I have no other reason but that, and because, I am friendless." There was a tremulous sadness in the last word which went to my heart, and I could mark that her breathing was hurried and irregular for some few seconds after. "Will you promise me your friendship in what I ask, or if that be too much, will you pledge yourself at least to secresy. Enough, I am quite satisfied. Now, tell me, who is this Chevalier Duchesne? What is he?"

I ran over in a few words all I knew of him, dwelling on whatever might most redound to his credit—his distinguished military career—his undoubted talent—and lastly, alluding to his family, to which I conceived the question might most probably apply.

"Oh, it is not that," said she vehemently, "I wish to know. I care not for his bravery, nor his birth either. Tell me, what are the sources of his power, how is he admitted every where, intimate with every one, with influence over all? Why does Fouché fear, and Talleyrand admit him? I know they do this—and can you give me no clue, however faint, to guide me? The Count de Lacostellerie was refused the Spanish contract—Duchesne interferes, and it is given him. There is a difficulty about a card for a private concert at St. Cloud; Duchesne sends it. Nor does it end here. *You* know," here her voice assumed a forced distinctness, as though it cost her an effort to speak calmly, "of his duel with the Prince Dobretski; but perhaps you may not know, how he has obtained an imperial order for his recall to St. Petersburg."

"Of that I never heard. Can it be possible?"

"Have you then never tasted of his arbitrary power," said she, smiling half superciliously, "that these things seem strange to you; or does he work so secretly, that even those most intimate with him are in ignorance; but this must be so." She paused for a second or two, and then went on. "And now, brief as our acquaintance with him has been, see what influence he already possesses over my mother. Even to her, I dare not whisper my suspicions — while to you, a stranger," added she, with emotion, "I must speak my fears."

"But are they not groundless?" said I, endeavouring to calm the agitation she suffered from. "In all that you have mentioned, I can but trace the devotion of one seeking to serve, not injure—to be loved, not dreaded."

Scarce had I said these words, when I heard a noise behind me, and before I could turn around, Duchesne stood beside us.

"I implore your pardon, Mademoiselle," said he, in a voice of well-affected timidity, "nor should I venture to interrupt so interesting a conference, but that the Countess de Lacostellerie had sent me to look for you."

"You could scarcely have come more apropos, sir; the conversation was entirely of yourself," said she, haughtily, as if in defiance of him.

"How could I possibly have merited so great an honour, Mademoiselle?" replied he, bowing with the deepest respect; "or is it to the kindness of a *friend* I am indebted for such interest?"

There was an evident sneer in the way he uttered the word "friend," while a side-long glance he gave beneath his deep eye-lashes was still more decisive of his feeling.

"Few probably owe more to their friends than the Chevalier Duchesne," said Mademoiselle, tauntingly, as she took my arm to return to the salon.

"True, most true," replied he, with a low and deferential bow,

"and I hope I am not the man to forget my debts to either friends or enemies."

I turned round rapidly as he said this; our eyes met, and we exchanged a short brief glance of open defiance. His, however, as quickly changed, and an easy smile of careless indifference succeeded, as he lounged after us towards the salon, where, now, a considerable number of persons were assembled, and a more than usual excitement prevailed. Some generals of the imperial staff were also there, and the rumour ran, that the negociations with England had been suddenly interrupted, and that the negociators had demanded their passports.

"That is not all, Madame," said an old officer to the Countess; "the accounts from Mayence are threatening. Large bodies of Prussian troops are reported on the march from the eastward. The telegraph has been actively at work since noon, and several couriers have been sent off from the war-office."

"What is to come next?" said the Countess, sighing, as she thought of Paris once more deserted by its gay court, and brilliant crowd of officers, the only society of the period.

"What next, Madame?" said Duchesne, taking up the word. "*Parbleu!* the thing is easily told: a conscription, a march, a bivouac, and a battle will form act the first; then, a victory, and a bulletin, and an imperial edict, showing that Prussia, both by her language and geographical position, was intended by Providence to belong to France—that Prussians have no dearer wish than to be thrashed and taxed. The honour of becoming a portion of the grand nation being an ample recompense for any misfortune."

"And so it is, Monsieur," broke in a bluff, hard-featured veteran, whose coarse and weather-beaten traits bespoke one risen from the ranks. "He is no Frenchman who says otherwise."

"To your good health, Colonel," said Duchesne, as he lifted a glass of champagne to his lips; "such patriotism is really refreshing in our degenerate days. I wish you every success in your campaign; though what is to reward your valour in that miserable land of beer and Protestantism, I cannot possibly conceive."

"To-morrow, let me see you to-morrow, in the afternoon," said Mademoiselle in a whisper, as she passed close to me.

As I nodded in acknowledgment, Duchesne turned slightly around, and I saw in his eyes he had overheard the words, though uttered in a mere whisper. Still he went on—

"As for us, who remain ingloriously behind you, we have nothing to do but read your exploits in the '*Moniteur*,' and would to heaven the worthy editor would print his battles in better fashion! The whole page usually looks more like a beaten, than a conquering army; wounded vowels and broken consonants at every step, and the capital letters awkward, hard-featured fellows, as though risen from the ranks."

"*Tonnerre de Dieu*, sir! do you mean an insult to me?" said the old colonel, in a voice which, though intended for a whisper, was heard over the whole circle.

"An insult, my dear colonel; nothing within a thousand leagues of such. I was only speaking of the 'type' of our army, which may be very efficient, but is scarcely too good looking."

No words can convey the sarcastic tone in which the speech was delivered, nor the mortification of the indignant colonel, who felt, but knew not how, to reply to such a taunt. Happily, Madame de Lacostellerie interposed, and by skilfully changing the topic of conversation, averted further unpleasantness.

My desire to learn something accurately, as to the state of events, made me anxious to reach my quarters, and I took the first opportunity of quitting the salon. As I passed through the outer room, Duchesne was standing against a side-board, holding a glass in his hand. It was necessary that I should pass him closely, and I was preparing to salute him with the distant courtesy of our present acquaintance, when he said in his former tone of easy raillery—

"Going so early? Won't you have a glass of wine before you leave?"

"No, I thank you," said I coldly, and passing on towards the door.

"Nor wait for the concert; Grassini will be here in half an hour."

I shook my head in negative, and as I passed out, I heard him humming, with an emphasis which there was no mistaking, the couplet of a popular song of the day, which concluded thus:—

"To-day for me,
To-morrow for thee,
But will that to-morrow ever be?"

That Duchesne intended to challenge me, seemed now almost certain, and I ran over in my mind the few names of those I could ask to be my friends, on such an occasion, but without being able to satisfy myself on the subject. A moment's recollection might have taught me, that it was a maxim with the Chevalier never to send a message, but, in every case, to make the adversary the aggressor; he had told me so over and over himself. That, however, did not occur to me at the moment, and I walked onward, thinking of our meeting. Could I have known what was passing in *his* mind, I should have spared many serious and some sad thoughts to my own.

CHAPTER LXV.

A SUDDEN DEPARTURE.

So firmly had I persuaded myself, on my way homeward, that Duchesne intended a duel with me, that I dreamed of it all night, and awoke in the morning perfectly convinced that the event was prearranged between us. Now, although the habits of the service I lived in had, in a great measure, blunted the feelings I once entertained of duelling, still, enough of detestation of the practice remained, to make my anticipations far from satisfactory; besides, I knew that Duchesne had in reality no cause of quarrel with me, but from misapprehension alone could demand a meeting, which, our military code of honour always decided, should be accepted first, and inquired into afterwards. I regretted also, and deeply too, that I should appear to his eyes in an unworthy part—as though betraying the interests he had confided to me. There were, as I have said, many things I liked not in the Chevalier—the unsated desire he felt for revenge, where he had once been injured—the spirit of intrigue he cherished—and, perhaps more than either, I shunned, the scoffing habit he had of depreciating what every one around him loved, or respected—of stripping off every illusion which made life valuable, and reducing to the miserable standard of mere selfish gratification all that was great, or noble, or venerable. Already had his evil influence done me injury in this way—even now I felt, that, of the few day dreams I once indulged in, he had robbed me of the best, and reduced me to the sad reflection which haunted me throughout my whole career, and embittered every passing enjoyment of my life—I mean, the sorrowful thought of being an alien—of having but the hireling's part in that career of glory which others followed. That I alone could have no thrill of patriotism, when all around me were exulting in its display—that I had neither home nor country! Oh, if they who feel, or fancy that they feel the wrongs and oppressions of misgovernment at home—who, with high aspirations after liberty, and holy thoughts for the happiness of their fellow-men, war against the despotism which would repress one, or the cruelty which would despise the other—if they could but foresee, how, in changing allegiance, they did but shift the burden, not rid themselves of the load—that the service of a foreign land, is no requital for the loss of every feeling which ties a man to kindred and to friends—which links his manhood with his youth—his age with both—which gives him, in the language of his forefathers, a sympathy with the land that bore them—if they could but know and feel these things—if they could learn how, in surrendering them, they have made themselves mere waifs and strays upon life's ocean—that objects of purely selfish

and personal advancement must be to them for evermore in place of the higher and more ennobling thoughts which mix with other men's ambitions—they might hesitate ere they left home and country, to fight for the cause of the stranger.

If such thoughts found entrance into *my* heart, how must they have dwelt in many another's. I, who had neither family nor kindred—who, from earliest childhood, had never tasted the sweets of affection, nor known the blessings of a father's love—and yet, scarce a day crept by, without some thought of the far away land of my birth, some memory of its hills and valleys—of its green banks and changeful skies; and in my dreams, some long-forgotten air would bring me back in memory to the cottier's fire-side, where, around the red blazing turf were seated the poor, but happy peasantry, beguiling the time with song or story—now telling of the ancient greatness of their country—now breathing a hope of its one day prosperity.

"Captain Burke's quarters," said a voice without. At the same instant, the jingling of spurs, and the clank of a sabre, bespoke the questioner as a soldier. My door opened, and an officer in the full dress of the staff entered. As I requested him to be seated, I already anticipated the object of his visit, which he seemed determined to open in most diplomatic fashion—for, the first salutations over, he began coolly to ransack his sabertasch, and search among a heap of papers which crowded it.

"Ah! here it is," said he, at length. "I ask your pardon for all this delay. But, of course, you guess the reason of my being here?"

"I must confess I suspect it," said I, with a smile.

"Oh, that I am certain of. These things never are secrets very long—nor, for my part, do I think there is any need they should be. I conclude you are quite prepared."

"You shall find me so."

"So the Minister said," replied he; while, once more, his eyes were buried in the recesses of the sabertasch—leaving me in the most intense astonishment at the last few words. That the Minister, whoever he might be, should know of, and, as it seemed, acquiesce in my fighting a duel, was a puzzle I could make nothing of.

"Here is the note I looked for," said he, as he took forth a small slip of paper, written on both sides. "May I beg you will take down the details—they are brief, but important."

"You may trust my memory with them," said I, rather surprised at the circumstantial style of his conduct.

"As you please; so pay attention for one moment, while I read:—'Captain Burke, of the 8th, will proceed by extra post to Mayence, visiting the following garrisons, *en route*,'—here come the names, which you can copy—'where his attention will be specially directed to the points marked A.B. and——

"Forgive my interrupting you, but really I am unaware of what you are alluding to. You are not here on the part of the Chevalier Duchesne?"

"The Chevalier Duchesne? Duchesne?—No. This is a war

despatch, from the Minister. You must set out in two hours. I thought you said you were prepared."

"Hem! there has been a mistake here," said I, endeavouring to remember how far I might have committed myself by any unguarded expression.

"All my fault, Captain Burke," said he frankly. "I should have been more explicit at first. But I really thought from something—I forget precisely what, now—that you knew of the movement on the frontier, and were in fact prepared for your orders. Heaven knows how far our mystification might have gone on; for, when you spoke of Duchesne—the ex-captain of the Imperial Guard, I suppose,"—

"Yes;—what of him?"

"Why, it so chanced that he was closetted with the Minister this morning, and only left five minutes before your orders were made out. But, come, neither of us can well spare more time. This is your despatch for the Commandant of the troops at Mayence, to whom you will report verbally on the equipment of the smaller bodies of men, visited 'en route.' I shall give you my note, which, though hurriedly written, will assist your memory. Above all things, get speedily on the road, and reach Mayence by Wednesday. Half an hour's speed, in times like these, is worth a whole year in one's way to promotion; and so, now, good-bye."

I stood for several minutes after he left the room so confused and astonished, that had not the huge envelope, with its great seal of office confirmed the fact, I could have believed the whole a mere trick of my imagination.

The jingle of the postillion's equipment, in the court beneath, now informed me that a government calèche stood awaiting me, and I speedily began my preparations for the road.

One thought filled my mind, to the exclusion of all others. It was Duchesne's influence, on which my fortune now rested. The last few words he uttered as I left the salon were ringing in my ears, and here was their explanation. This rapid journey was planned by him, to remove me from Paris, where, possibly, he supposed my knowledge of him might be inconvenient, and where, in my absence, his designs might be prosecuted with more success. Happy as I felt to think that a personal rencontre was not to occur between us, my self-love was deeply wounded at the thought of how much I was in this man's power, and how arbitrarily he decided on the whole question of my destiny. If my pride were gratified on the one hand, by my having excited the Chevalier's vengeance, it was offended on the other, by feeling how feeble would my efforts prove to oppose the will of an antagonist who worked with such secret and such powerful means.

The same philosophy which so often stood my part in life, here came to my aid—to act well my own part, and leave the result to time; and, so, with this patient resolve, I mentally bid defiance to my adversary, and set out from Paris.

The ardent feeling which filled my heart on the approach of my

first campaign, was now changed into a soldierly sense of duty, which if less enthusiastic, was a steadier and more sustaining motive. I felt whatever distinctions it should be my lot to win, must be gained in the camp, not in the court—that my place was rather where squadrons were charging, and squares were kneeling, than among the intrigues of the capital, its wiles and its plottings. In the one, I might win an honourable name—in the other, I should be but the dupe of more designing heads, and less scrupulous hearts, than my own.

Early on the third morning, from the time of my leaving Paris, I reached Mayence. The garrisons which I visited on the road seldom detained me above half an hour. The few questions which I had to ask respecting the troops, were soon and easily answered; and, in most instances, the officers in command had been apprised that their reports would be required, and came ready at once to afford the information.

The disposable force at that time was not above eighty thousand new levies, the conscripts of the past year, who, although well-drilled and equipped, had never undergone the fatigues of a campaign, nor met an enemy in the field. But, beyond the frontier were the veteran legions of the Austrian campaign, who, while advancing on their return to France, were suddenly halted, and now, only awaited the Emperor's orders whither they should carry their victorious standards.

As at the outbreak of all Napoleon's wars, the greatest uncertainty prevailed regarding the direction of the army, and in what place, and against what enemy, the first blow was to be struck.

The Russian army, defeated and routed at Austerlitz, was said once more to be in the field, re-organized and strengthened. Austria, it was rumoured, was faltering in her fealty. But the military preparations of Prussia were no longer a secret; and to many it seemed as if, as in the days of the Republic, France was about to contend, single-handed, against the whole of Europe. In Prussia the warlike enthusiasm of the people was carried to the very highest pitch. The court, the aristocracy, but more powerful than either, the press, stimulated national courage, by recalling to their minds the famous deeds of the Great Frederic, and bidding them remember that "Rosbach" was won against an army of Frenchmen. The students—a powerful and an organized class—stood foremost in this patriotic movement. Their excited imaginations warmed by the spirit-stirring songs of Körner and Uhland, and glowing with the instincts of that chivalry which is a German's birthright, they spread over the country, calling upon their fellow-subjects to arise and defend the "Vaterland" against the aggression of the tyrant. So unequivocally was this feeling expressed, that even before the negociations had lost their pacific character, the youthful aristocracy of Berlin used to go and sharpen their swords at the door-sill of the French ambassador at Berlin.

To the exalted tone of patriotic enthusiasm the beautiful Queen of Prussia most powerfully contributed. The crooked and tortuous windings of diplomatic intrigue found no sympathy in her frank and

generous nature. Relying on the native energy of German character, she bade an open and a bold defiance to her country's enemy, and was content to stake all on the chances of a battle.

The colder and less confident mind of the King, was rather impelled by the current of popular opinion, than induced by conviction to the adoption of this daring policy. But, once engaged in it, he exhibited the rarest fortitude and the most unyielding courage.

Such, in brief, was the condition of that people, such the warlike spirit they breathed, when, in the autumn of 1806, the cry of war resounded from the shores of the Baltic to the frontiers of Bohemia.

Never was the effective strength of the Prussian army more conspicuous. Their cavalry, in number and equipment, was confessedly among the first, if not the very first, in Europe; while the artillery maintained a reputation which, since the days of Frederic, had proclaimed it the most perfect arm of the service. The Emperor knew these things well, and did not undervalue them; and it was with a very different impression of his present enemy, from that which filled his mind in the Austrian campaign, that he remarked to Soult:—"We shall want the mattock in this war." Thereby implying, that against such an adversary, field-works and intrenchments would be needed, as well as the dense array of squadrons, and the bristling walls of infantry.

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE SUMMIT OF THE LANDGRAFENBERG.

After a brief delay at Mayence, it was with sincere pleasure I received my orders to push forward to the advanced posts at Wetzlar, where General D'Auvergne was with his division. Already the battalions were crossing the Rhine, and directing their steps to different rendezvous along the Prussian frontier; some, pressing on eastwards where the Saxon territory joins the Prussian, others, directly to the north, and taking up positions distant by a short day's march from each other. The same urgent haste which characterized the opening of the Austrian campaign a year before, was here conspicuous; many of the corps being obliged to march seven and eight leagues in the day, and frequently, whole companies being forwarded in waggons drawn by six or eight horses, in order to come up with the main body of their regiments. Every road eastward was covered with some fragment of the army. Now, an infantry corps of young conscripts, glowing with enthusiasm, and eager for the fray, would cheer the calèche in which I travelled, and which, as indicating a staff officer, was surmounted by

a small flag with an eagle. Now, it was the hoarse challenge of an outpost, some veteran of Bernadotte's army, which occupied the whole line of country from Dusseldorf to Nuremberg. Picquets of dragoons, with troops of led horses for remounts, hurried on; and long lines of waggons crammed the road.

At last, I joined General D'Auvergne, who, with all the ardour of the youngest soldier, was preparing for the march. The hardy veteran, disdaining the use of a carriage, rode each day at the head of his column, and went through the most minute detail of regimental duty with the colonels under his command.

From whatever cause proceeding I knew not, but it struck me as strange that he never alluded to my visit to Paris, nor once spoke to me of the Countess; and while this reserve on his part slightly wounded me, I felt relieved from the embarrassment the mere mention of her name would cause me, and was glad, when our conversation turned on the events of the war. Nor was he, save in this respect, less cordial than ever; manifesting the greatest pleasure at the prospect the war would open to my advancement, and kindly presaging for me, a success, I scarcely dared to hope for.

"Nor is the hour distant," said he to me one morning in the latter end of September, as we rode side by side; "the grand movement is begun."

Augereau, with his powerful *corps d'armée* of twenty thousand, pressed on from Francfort and Mayence; Bernadotte, moved up on his flank from Nuremberg and Bamberg; Davoust hastened, by forced marches, from the Danube; while Soult and Ney, with a strong force, remained in the south, and in observation on the Austrian frontier. Farther to the north again, were the new levies and the whole "Imperial Guard," strengthened by four thousand additional men; which, together with Murat's cavalry, formed a vast line embracing the Prussian frontier on the west and south, and converging with giant strides towards the very heart of the kingdom. Still, mid all the thunders of marching squadrons, and the din of advancing legions, diplomatists interchanged their respective assurances of a peaceful issue to their differences, and politely conveyed the most satisfactory sentiments of mutual esteem.

On the first of September, the Emperor left Paris, but, even then, covering his designs by an affected hope of peace, he was accompanied by the empress and her suite to Mayence, where all the splendour of a court was suddenly displayed amid the pomp and preparation of war. On the sixth, he started by day-break; relays of horses were in waiting along the road to Wetzlar; and with all speed he hastened forward to Bamberg, where he issued his grand proclamation to the army.

With all his accustomed eloquence he represented to the army, the insulting demands of Prussia, and called on them, as at Austerlitz, to reply to such a menace by one tremendous blow of victory, which should close the campaign.

"Soldiers," said he, "you were about to return to France, to enjoy

the well-won repose after all your victories, but an enemy is in the field. The road to Paris is no longer open to you—neither you, nor I, can tread it, save under an arch of triumph."

The day which succeeded the issue of this proclamation, a cavalry affair occurred at the advance posts, in which the Prussians were somewhat the victors. Two days later, a courier arrived at the Imperial head-quarters with the account of another, and still more important action, between the grenadiers of Lannes and a part of Suchet's corps, against the advanced guard of Prince Hohenlohe, commanded by the most daring general in the Prussian service, Prince Louis. A cavalry combat, which lasted for near an hour, closed this brief but bloody encounter, with the death of the brave prince, who, refusing to surrender, was run through the body by the sabre of a quarter-master of the tenth hussars.

General D'Auvergne's brigade had no share in this memorable action, for on the 9th, we were marched to Rudolstadt, some miles to the left of the scene of the encounter; but having made a demonstration in that quarter, were speedily recalled, and ordered with all haste to cross the Saale, and move on to the eastward. It was now that Napoleon's manœuvres became apparent. The same intrigue which succeeded at Ulm was again to be employed here: the enemy's flank was to be turned, the communication with his reinforcements cut off, and a battle engaged, in which defeat must prove annihilation. Such, then, was the complete success of the Emperor's movements, that on the 12th, the French army was posted with the rear upon the Elbe, while the Prussians occupied a line between them and the Rhine. This masterly movement at once compelled the enemy to fall back, and concentrate his troops around Jena, and Weimar, which, from that instant, Napoleon pronounced must be the scene of a great battle.

All this detail I have been obliged to force on my reader, and now again return to my story.

On the morning of the 13th, Murat appeared for the first time at our head-quarters, below Jena, and after a short consultation with the staff, our squadrons were formed, and ordered to push on with haste towards Jena.

Every thing now showed that the decisive hour could not be distant; couriers passed and repassed; messengers and orderlies met us at every step; while, as is ever the case, the most contradictory rumours were circulated about the number and position of the enemy. As we neared Lauznets, however, we learned that the whole Prussian army occupied the "plateau" of Jena, save a corps of twenty thousand men, which were stationed at Auerstadt. From the elevated spot we occupied, the columns of Marshal Bernadotte's division could be seen marching to the eastward. A halt was now commanded, and the troops prepared their bivouacs, when, as night was falling, a staff officer rode up, with orders, from the Emperor himself, to push on without delay for Jena.

The road was much cut up by the passage of cavalry and waggons, and as the night was dark, our pace was occasionally impeded. I was

riding with one of the leading squadrons, when General D'Auvergne directed me to take an orderly with me, and proceed in advance, to make arrangements for the quarters of the men at Jena. Selecting a German soldier as my guide, I dashed forwards, and soon left the squadron out of hearing. We had not gone far, when I remarked, from the tramp of the horses, that we were upon an earthen road, and not on the pavement. I questioned my orderly, but he was positive there had been no turning since we started. I paid no more attention to the circumstance, but rode on, hard as ever. At last, the clay became deeper and heavier, the sides of the way closer, and all the appearance, as well as the gloom would allow us to guess, rather those of a by-road, than the regular "*chaussée*." To return would have been hopeless; the darkness gave no prospect of detecting at what precise spot we had left the main road, and so I determined to make my way straight onwards, at all hazards.

After about an hour's fast trotting, the orderly, who rode some paces in advance, called out "A light," and then the moment after, he cried, "There are several lights yonder." I reined in my horse at once, for the thought struck me that we had come down upon the Prussian lines. Giving my horse to the soldier, with orders to follow me noiselessly at a little distance, I walked on for above a mile, my eyes steadily fixed upon the lights, which moved from place to place, and showed, by their taper glare, that they were not watch-fires. At length, I gained a little ridge of the ground, and could distinctly see that it was a line of guns and artillery waggons, endeavouring to force their way through a narrow ravine; a few minutes after, I heard the sounds of French, and relieved of all apprehensions, I mounted my horse, and soon came up with them.

They were four troops of Lannes' artillery, which, by a mistake similar to my own, had left the high road, and entered one of the field-tracks, which thus led them astray; and here they were, jammed up in a narrow gorge, unable to get back or forward. The officer in command was a young colonel, who was completely overwhelmed by his misfortune; for he informed me that the whole artillery of the division was following him, and would inevitably be involved in the same mishap. The poor fellow, who doubtless would have faced the enemy without a particle of fear, was now so horrified by the event, that he ran wildly from place to place, ordering and counter-ordering every instant, and actually increasing the confusion by his own excitement. Some of the leading trains were unharnessed, and efforts made to withdraw the guns from their position; but the axles were, on both sides, embedded in the rock, and seemed to defy every effort to disengage them.

At this moment, when the confusion had reached its height, and the horses unharnessed from the guns, the men standing in groups around, or shouting wildly to each other, a sudden silence spread itself over the whole, and a loud, but stern voice called out—

"Who commands this division?"

"General Latour," was the answer.

"Where is he?" said the first speaker, so close to my ear that I started round, and saw the short, square figure of a man in a great coat, holding a heavy whip in his hand.

"With the main body at the rear."

"Cannoniers, dismount!" said the other—"bring the torches to the front."

Scarcely was the order obeyed, when the light of the fire-wood fell upon his features, and I saw it was the Emperor himself. In an instant the whole scene was changed: the park tools were taken out—working parties formed; and the ravine began to echo to the strong blows of the brawny arms; while Napoleon, with a blazing torch in his hand, stood by, to light their labours.

Giving directions to the under-officers and the men, he never deigned a word to the officers, who now stood trembling around him, and were gradually joined by several more, who came up with the remainder of the train.

I think still I can see that pale, unmoved face, which, as the light flickered upon it, gazed steadfastly at the working party. Not a syllable escaped him, save once, which he muttered half to himself—

"And this was the first battery to open its fire to-morrow!"

Colonel Savary stood at his side, but never dared to address him. Too well he knew that his deepest anger showed itself by silence. By degrees the granite wall gave way, the axles once more became free, and the horses again harnessed. The gun-carriages moved slowly through the ravine; nor did the Emperor quit the spot before the greater part of the train passed. Then mounting his horse, he turned towards Jena; and, notwithstanding the utter darkness of the night, he rode at full speed. Following the clatter of the horse's hoofs, I rode on, and in less than an hour reached a small cluster of houses, where a cavalry picquet was placed, and several large fires were lighted; beside which, at small tables, sat above a dozen staff officers busily writing dispatches. The Emperor halted but for a second or two, and then dashed forward again; and I soon perceived we were ascending a steep hill, covered with ferns and brushwood. We had not gone far, when the single aid-de-camp who accompanied him, turned his horse's head, and rode rapidly down the mountain again.

Napoleon was now alone, some fifty paces in front. I could see the faint outline through the darkness, my sight guided by my hearing to the spot. His pace, wherever the ground permitted, was rapid; but constantly he was obliged to hold in, and pick his steps among the stones and dwarf wood that covered the mountain. Never shall I cease to think on the strange sensations I felt, as I followed him up that steep ascent. There was he, the greatest monarch of the universe, alone, wending his solitary way in darkness, his thoughts bent on the great event before him—the tremendous conflict in which thousands must fall. There was a sense of awe in the thought of being so near to one,

on whose slightest word the destiny of nations seemed to hang; and I could not look on the dark object before me, without a superstitious feeling, deeper than fear itself, for that mightiest of men.

My thoughts permitted my taking no note of time, and I know not how long it was before we reached the crest of the hill, over whose bleak surface a cold cutting wind was blowing. It seemed as if a great table-land extended now for some distance on every side, over which the Emperor took his way, as though accustomed to the ground. While I was wondering at the certainty, with which he appeared to determine on his road, I remarked the feeble flickering of a light far away towards the horizon, and by which, it was evident, he guided his steps. As we rode on, several watch-fires could be seen towards the north-west, stretching away to a great distance, and throwing a yellowish glare in the dark sky above them. Suddenly I perceived the Emperor halt and dismount, and as speedily again he was in the saddle; but now his path took a different direction, and he diverged considerably to the southward. Curious to learn what might have caused his change of direction, I rode up to the spot, and got off. It was the embers of a watch-fire; they were almost extinguished, but still, as the horse's hoof struck the wood, a few sparks were emitted. It was this, then, which altered his course; and once more he pressed his horse to speed. A steep ascent of some hundred yards lay before us now, but on gaining the top, a brilliant spectacle of a thousand watch-fires met the eye—so close did they seem, it looked like one great volcanic crater blazing on the mountain top; while above, the lurid glow reddened the black sky, and melted away into the darkness in clouds of faint yellowish hue. Far, very far away, and to the north, stretched another much longer line of fires; but at great intervals apart, and occupying, as well as I might guess, about two leagues in extent. Several smaller fires dotted the plain, marking the outpost positions; and it was not difficult to trace the different lines of either army even by these indications.

While I yet looked, the Emperor had gained a short distance in advance of me, and suddenly I heard the hoarse challenge of a sentry, calling out, "*Qui vive?*" Buried in his own thoughts—perhaps, far too deeply lost in meditation to hear the cry—Napoleon never replied, nor slackened his speed. "*Qui vive?*" shouted the voice again—and before I could advance, the sharp bang of a musket-shot rung out; another, and another followed—and then, a roll of fire swept along the plain, happily, not in the direction of the Emperor—but already he had thrown himself from his horse, and lay flat upon the ground. Not a moment was now to be lost. I dashed my spurs into my jaded horse, and rode forwards, calling aloud, at the top of my voice, "The Emperor," "the Emperor." Still, the panic overbore my words, and another discharge was given; with one bullet, I was struck in the shoulder, another killed my horse—but springing to my legs in an instant, I rushed on, repeating my cry—before I could do more than point to the spot, Napoleon came forward, leading his horse by the bridle—his step was slow and measured—and his face, for many a torch light was now gathered to the place, was calm and tranquil. "Ye

are well upon the alert, '*mes enfans*,'" said he, with a smile; "see that ye be as ready with your fire, to-morrow!" A wild cheer answered these words—while he continued: "These are the new levies, Lieutenant—the Guards would have had more patience—where is the officer who followed me?"

"Here, Sire," said I, endeavouring to conceal the appearance of being wounded.

"Mount, sir, and accompany me to head-quarters."

"My horse is killed, Sire."

"Yes, *parbleu*," said a young soldier, who had not learned much respect before his superiors—"and he has a ball in his neck, himself."

"Are you wounded?" said the Emperor, with a quickness in his manner.

"A mere flesh-wound in the arm, of no consequence, Sire."

"Let the surgeon of the detachment see to this at once, Lieutenant," said he to the officer of the party—"and, do you come to head-quarters when you are able." With this, the Emperor mounted again, and in a few seconds more was lost to our sight.

"*Ventre bleu*," said the old Lieutenant, who had served without promotion from the first battles of the republic—"you'll be a colonel, for that scratch on your epaulette, if we only beat the Prussians to-morrow—and here am I, with eight wounds, from lead and steel, and the "*petit Caporal*" never bade me visit him at his bivouac. Come, come, I don't wish to be unfriendly—it's not *your* fault, it's only *my* bad fortune—and here comes the surgeon."

The Lieutenant was right—the epaulette had the worst of the adventure—and in half an hour, I proceeded on my way to head-quarters.

CHAPTER LXVII.

L'HOMME ROUGE.

On my way to the Imperial quarters, I fell in with some squadrons of our dragoons, from whom I learned that General d'Auvergne had just received orders to repair to the Emperor's bivouac, to which several officers in command were also summoned. As I saw, therefore, that I could have no prospect of meeting the Emperor, I resolved merely to hold myself in readiness, should he—which seemed little likely—think of me; and accordingly I took up my post with some young under-officers of our brigade, at a huge fire, where a species of canteen had been established, and coffee, and corn brandy were served out to all comers.

The recent escape of Napoleon at the outposts was already known far and near, and formed the great topic of conversation, in which, I felt hurt to remark, no mention of the part I took was ever made, although there were at least a dozen different versions of the accident. In one, His Majesty was represented to have rode down upon, and sabred the advanced picquet. In another, it was the Prussians who fired, he having penetrated within their lines, to reconnoitre;—each agreeing in the one great fact, that the feat was something, which, no one, save himself, could have done or thought of. As for me, I felt it was not my part to speak of the incident at all, until His Majesty should first do so. I listened, therefore, with due patience, and some amusement, to the various narratives about me; which served to show me, by one slight instance, the measure of that exaggeration with which the Emperor's name was ever treated, and convince me, that it required not time nor distance to colour every incident of his life, with the strongest hues of romance. The topic was a fruitful and favourite one, and certainly few subjects could, with more propriety, season the hours around a bivouac fire than the exploits of the Emperor Napoleon.

Among those whose reminiscences went farthest back, was an old sergeant-major of infantry—a seared, and seamed, and weather-beaten little fellow—who, from fatigues and privations, was dried up to a mass of tendons and fibres. This little man presented one of those strange mixtures with which the army abounded—the shrewdest common sense on all ordinary topics, with a most credulous faith in any story where Napoleon's name occurred. It seemed, indeed, as though that one element, occurring in any tale, dispensed at once with the rules which should govern belief in common cases.

The invulnerability of the Emperor was, with him, a fruitful theme; and he teemed with anecdotes of the Egyptian and Italian campaigns, in which it was incontestably shown, that neither shot nor shell had any effect upon him. But of all the superstitions regarding Napoleon, none had such complete hold on his imagination, nor was more implicitly believed by him, than the story of that little "Red Man," who, it was asserted, visited the Emperor the night before each great battle, and arranged with him the manœuvres of the succeeding day.

"L'Homme Rouge," as he was called, was an article of faith in the French army that few of the soldiers ever thought of disputing. Some, from pure credulity—some, from the force of example—and some, again, from indolence, believed in this famed personage; but even the veriest scoffer on more solemn subjects would have hesitated, ere he ventured to assail the almost universal belief in this supernatural agency. The Emperor's well-known habit of going out alone, to visit picquets and outposts, on the eve of a battle, was a circumstance too favourable to this superstition not to be employed in its defence. Besides, it was well known that he spent hours by himself, when none, even of the Marshals, had access to him; and on these occasions it was said, "L'Homme Rouge" was with him. Sentinels had been heard to declare, that they could overhear angry words passing be-

tween the Emperor and his guest—that threats had been interchanged between them; and, on one occasion, it was said that the "Red Man" went so far as to declare, that if his advice were neglected, Napoleon should lose the battle, see his artillery fall into the hands of the enemy, and behold the "guard" capitulate.

"*Milles tonnerres!* What are you saying?" broke in the little man to the grim old soldier who was relating this. "You know nothing of 'L'Homme Rouge'—not a word—how should you? But *I* served in the twenty-second of the line—old Mongoten's corps—the 'Faubourg Devils,' as they were called. *He* knew him well. It was L'Homme Rouge had him shot for treason at Cairo. I was one of the company drawn for his execution; and when he knelt down on the grass, he held up his hand, this way, and cried out:—

"'Voltigeurs of the line, hear me! You have all known me many years: you have seen whether I could face the enemy like a man; and you can tell whether I cared for the heaviest charge that ever shook a square. You know, also, whether I was true to our General. Well, it is 'L'Homme Rouge' who has brought me to this. And now—carry arms!—all together—come, *mes enfans*, try it again—carry arms!—ay, that's better—present arms!—fire!'

"*Morbleu!* the word was not well out when he was dead, and there, through the smoke—as plain as I see you now—I saw the figure of a little fellow, dressed in scarlet—feather and boots all the same!—he was standing over the corpse, and threatening it with his hands; and that," said he, in a solemn voice, "that, was 'L'Homme Rouge.'"

This anecdote was conclusive. There was no gainsaying the assertions of a man who had, with his own eyes, seen the celebrated "Red Man;" and from that instant he enjoyed a decided monopoly of every thing that concerned his private history.

According to the Serjeant-Major's version—and who could venture to contradict him?—L'Homme Rouge was not the confidential adviser and friendly counsellor of the Emperor; but, on the contrary, his evil genius—perpetually employed in thwarting his plans and opposing his views. Each seemed to have his hour of triumph alternately. Now, it was the Red Man—now, Napoleon, who stood in the ascendant. Fortune for a long period had been constant to the Emperor, and victory crowned every battle. This had, it seemed, greatly chagrined L'Homme Rouge, who, for years past, had not been seen, nor heard of. The last tradition of him was a story told by one of the sentinels on guard at the General's quarters at Mont Thabor.

It was midnight—all was still and silent in the camp. The soldiers slept as men sleep before a battle—when the old grenadier who walked his short post before General Bonaparte's tent, heard a quick tread approaching him. "*Qui vive!*" cried he; but there was no reply.—"*Qui vive!*" called the sentry once more; but as he did so he leaped backwards and brought his musket to the charge, for, just then something brushed close by him and entered the tent.

For a moment or two he doubted what should be done. Should he turn out the guard? It was only to be laughed at—that would never

do. But what if it really were somebody who had penetrated to the General's quarters? As this thought struck him, he crept up close to the tent, and there, true enough, he heard the voices of two persons speaking.

"Ah! thou here?" said Bonaparte. "I scarce expected to see thee so far from France!"

"Alas!" said the other, with a deep sigh, "what land is now open to me—or whither shall I fly to? I took refuge in Brussels—well, what should I see one morning, but the tall shakos of your grenadiers, coming up the steep street. I fled to Holland—you were there, the day after. Come, thought I, he's moving northwards, I'll try the other extreme; so I started for the Swiss. *Sacre bleu!* the roll of your confounded drums resounded through every valley. I reached the banks of the Po—your troops were there the same evening. I pushed for Rome—they were preparing your quarters, which you occupied that night. Away, then, I start once more; I cross mountains, and rivers, and seas, and gain the desert at last. I thank my fortune that there are a thousand leagues between us—and here you are, now. For pity's sake, show me, on that map of the world, one little spot you don't want to conquer, and let me live there in peace, and be sure never to meet you more."

Bonaparte did not speak for some minutes, and it seemed as though he were intently considering the request of "L'Homme Rouge."

"There," said he at length, "there—you see that island in the great sea, with nothing near it—thou mayest go there."

"How is it called?" said L'Homme Rouge.

"St. Helena," said the General. "It is not very large—but I promise thee to be undisturbed there."

"You'll never come there, then? Is that a pledge?"

"Never: I promise it. At least if I do, thou, shalt be the master, and I, the slave."

"Enough! I go now. Adieu!" said the little man, and the same instant the sentinel felt his arm brushed by some one passing close beside him; and then, all was silent in the tent once more.

"Thus you see," said the Serjeant-Major, "from that hour it was agreed on, the Emperor should conquer the whole world, and leave that one little spot for L'Homme Rouge. *Parbleu!* he might well spare him that much."

"How big might it be—that island?" said an old grenadier, who listened with the deepest attention to the tale.

"Nothing to speak of;—about the size of one battalion drawn up in square."

"*Pardie!* a small kingdom too!"

"Ah! it would not do for the Emperor," said the Serjeant-Major, laughing; an emotion the others joined in at once; and many a jest went round at the absurdity of such a thought.

I sat beside the watch-fire, listening to the old campaigning stories, till, one by one, the speakers dropped off to sleep. The bronzed veteran, and the boy conscript—the old soldier of the Sambre, and

the beardless youth, lay side by side—to some of these it was the last time they should slumber on earth. As the night wore on, the sounds became hushed in the camp, and through the thin frosty air, I could hear, from a long distance off, the tramp of the patrols, and the challenge of the reliefs, as the outposts were visited. The Prussian sentries were quite close to our advanced posts, and when the wind came from that quarter, I often heard the sounds of the voices as they exchanged their signals.

Through the entire night, officers came and went, to and from the tent of the Emperor. To him, at least, it seemed no season of repose. At length, when nigh morning, wearied with watching, and tired out with expectancy, I leaned my head on my knees, and dropped into a half sleep. Some vague sense of disappointment at being forgotten by the Emperor, was the last thought I had as I fell off—and in its sadness, it coloured all my dreams. I remembered, with all the freshness of a recent event, the curse of the old hag on the morning I had quitted my home for ever—her prayer, that bad luck should track me, every step through life—and in the shadowy uncertainty of my sleeping thoughts, I believed I was predestined to misfortune.

Almost every man has experienced the fact, that there are times in life, when impressions, the slightest in their origin, will have an undue weight on the mind—when, as it were, the clay of our natures becomes softened, and we take the impress of passing events more easily. Some vague and shadowy conception, a doubt, a dream, is enough at moments like these, to attain the whole force of a conviction—and it is wonderful with what ingenuity we wind to our purpose every circumstance around us, and what pains we take to increase the toils of our self-deception. It would be a curious thing, to trace out how much of our good or evil fortune in life had its source in these superstitions—how far the frame of mind fashioned the events before it—and to what extent our hopes and fears were but the forerunners of destiny. My sleeping thoughts were of the saddest, and when I awoke, I could not shake them off. A heavy dense fog clothed every object around—through which, only the watch-fires were visible, as they flared with a yellow, hazy light, of unnatural size. The position of these signals was all to mark the inequality of the ground—and now I could perceive that we occupied the crest of a long and steep hill, adown the sides, and at the bottom of which, also, fires were burning—while in front, another mountain arose—whose summit, for a great distance, was marked out by watch-fires. This, I conjectured, from its extent and position, to be the Prussian line. At the front of the Emperor's quarters several led horses were standing, whose caparison bespoke them as belonging to the staff—and although not yet five o'clock, there was an appearance of movement which indicated preparation.

The troops, however, were motionless—the dense columns covered the ground like a garment, and stirred not. As I stood, uncertain what course to take, I heard the noise of voices, and the heavy tramp of many feet near—and on turning, perceived it was the Emperor who came forth from his tent, followed by several of his staff. A large

fire blazed in front of his bivouac, which threw its strong light on the group, where, even in a fleeting glance, I recognized General Gazan, and Nausouty, the commander of the Cuirassiers of the Guard.

"What hour is it?" said the Emperor to Duroc, who stood near him.

"Almost five o'clock, sire."

"It is darker than it was an hour ago. Maison, where is Bernadotte by this—at Domberg, think you?"

"Not yet, sire—he is no laggard, if he reach it in three hours hence."

"Ney would have been there now," was the quick reply of Napoleon. "Come, gentlemen, into the saddle, and let us move towards the front. Gazan, put your division under arms."

The general waited not a second bidding, but wheeled his horse suddenly round, and followed by his aide-de-camp, rode at full speed down the mountain.

"There is the first streak of day," said the Emperor, pointing to a faint grey light above the distant forest. "It breaks like Austerlitz."

"May it set as gloriously," said old Nausouty, in his deep low voice.

"And it will," said Napoleon. "What sayest thou, '*groynard?*" continued he, turning with an affected severity of manner to the grenadier who stood sentinel on the spot, and who, with a French soldier's easy indifference, leaned on the cross of his musket, to listen to the conversation. "What sayest thou? art eager to be made corporal?"

"*Parbleu*," growled out the rough soldier, "the grade is little to boast of—were I even a general of division, there might be something to hope for."

"What, then?" said Napoleon sharply. "What, then?"

"King of Prussia, to be sure; thou'lt give away the title before this hour to-morrow."

The Emperor laughed loud at the conceit. Its flattery had a charm for him, no courtier's well turned compliment could vie with; and I could hear him still continuing to enjoy it, as he rode slowly forward, and disappeared in the gloom.

PZ4884
T6
1843b

AUSTRIA; its Literary, Scientific, and Medical Institutions, with Notes on the Present State of Science in Vienna. By W. R. WILDE, M.R.I.A., &c. Crown 8vo, 9s. 6d. cloth.

NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE TO MADEIRA, TENERIFFE, and along the Shores of the Mediterranean, including Gibraltar, Malta, Algiers, Egypt, Palestine, Rhodes, and Greece. By W. R. WILDE, M.R.I.A. Second Edition, thoroughly revised. One vol. 8vo, with Illustrations. *Nearly ready.*

MEMOIR OF THE UNION, AND THE AGITATIONS FOR ITS REPEAL. By an IRISH CATHOLIC. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

COOMBE ABBEY; an Historical Tale of the Reign of James the First. By SELINA BUNBURY. 8vo, with Illustrations, 14s. cloth.

TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY. By WILLIAM CARLETON. With a Portrait and Memoir of the Author. Superbly Illustrated, 8vo, 14s. cloth.

FARDOROUGHA THE MISER; OR, THE CONVICTS OF LISNAMONA. By WILLIAM CARLETON. Second edition, small 8vo, 6s. cloth.

MR. LEVER'S WORKS.

TOM BURKE OF "OURS."

Vol. I., Twenty-four Etchings, 13s. cloth. Continued in Monthly Numbers, 1s. each.

JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN.

With a Portrait and numerous Illustrations, 14s. cloth.

CHARLES O'MALLEY,

THE IRISH DRAGOON.

Two Vols. 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, 24s. cloth.

CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.

With Illustrations, 12s. cloth.

MR. LEVER'S NEW WORK, ILLUSTRATED BY CRUIKSHANK.

Now ready, in 3 vols. post 8vo,

ARTHUR O'LEARY;

HIS WANDERINGS AND PONDERINGS IN MANY LANDS.

EDITED BY HIS FRIEND

Harry Lorrequer.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Orders received by all Booksellers.

HENRY COLBURN, Publisher, 13, Great Marlborough-street, London.

THE

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,

EDITED BY HARRY LORREQUER,

Is published Monthly, price 2s. 6d.

CONTENTS OF THE NUMBERS PUBLISHED DURING THE PRESENT YEAR:

JANUARY.

Historic Tableaux — No. I.—The 18th Brumaire.
Episodes of Eastern Travel.—The Nile —Mahmoudish Canal—Cairo.
Dramatic Poetry—Henry the Second.
Epigrams.
Arrah Neil, or, Times of Old; by G. P. R. James, Esq.—Chaps. XVII. to XX.
Mesmerism; by Irys Herfner.
To England; written in India.
Our Portrait Gallery.—No. XXXIV.—William Maginn, LL.D., with an Etching.
Grant's Paris and its People.
Lord Brougham's Historical Sketches; Third Series.
Repeal Movement—The Prosecution.

FEBRUARY.

L'Irlande Apocryphe.
The Mishaps of Mister Latitat Nabhim, during a Short Professional Visit to the Sister Island; Chaps. I. to III.
Life of Gerald Griffin.
Stray Leaflets from the German Oak; Fifth Drift.
An Ecclesiastical Legislature.—No. II. —Convocations.
Beranger and his Songs; by William Dowe.
A Bevy of Little Books.
The Present State, Influence, and Prospects of Art.
Arrah Neil, or, Times of Old; by G. P. R. James, Esq.—Chaps. XXI. to XXIII.
Episodes of Eastern Travel.—Life upon the Nile—Songs of the Nile—Memphis.
Gossip among the Infernals.
A Chapter on Grandmothers; by a Country Cousin.
Babel; by Mrs. James Gray.
Chips from the Library Table.

MARCH.

The Mishaps of Mister Latitat Nabhim, during a Short Professional Visit to the Sister Island; Chaps. IV. to XI.
Mesmerism; by Irys Herfner. Second Article.
Songs of the Flowers.
Goethe's Iphigenia, translated by Miss Swanwick.
Arrah Neil, or, Times of Old; by G. P. R. James, Esq.—Chaps. XXIV. to XXVIII.
Poems; by Mrs. Dalkeith Holmes.
Nuts and Nutcrackers.—No. X.—A Nut for the Ojibbeways—A Nut for the Humane Society—A Nut for the Landlord and Tenant Commission—A Nut for the State Trials.
Correspondence of John Fourth Duke of Bedford.
M. de Lamartine—"L'Etat, L'Eglise, and L'Enseignement."
Zoology and Civilization.
The late Prosecutions.

APRIL.

The Irish Question.
The Three Suitors; a Legend of Rheineck.
Glimpses in the Mountains; No. I.
Perils of the Nation.
The Mishaps of Mister Latitat Nabhim, during a Short Professional Visit to the Sister Island; Chaps. XII. to XIV.—Conclusion.
Translation of Schiller's Hero and Leander; by John Anster, LL.D.
Arrah Neil, or, Times of Old; by G. P. R. James, Esq.—Chaps. XXIX. and XXX.
Southey and his Poems.
Canova and his Works.
Some New Jottings in my Note Book—First Gathering; by a Dreamer.
Ordnance Memoir of Ireland.
Nuts and Nutcrackers.—No. XI.—A Nut for the "real" Liberator—A Nut for "her Majesty's Servants"—A Nut for the Traversers—A Nut for Climbing Boys.
The Bridal of Melcha.
Chips from the Library Table—Bundle the Second.

Printed by J. S. Folds, Son, and Patton, 5, Bachelor's-walk.